

the infamy as service, volunteers in the midst of the Devil out of pure rage, and sanctifies Legregre's crimes. Should Legregre, amidst the wailings of separated families, feel any remorse or compunction, the sanctimonious Doctor is at his side with opinions to quell the rising emotions of shame and guilt, by a "thine shalt the Lord". Infinitely more so would we go up to the Judgment Seat of a Lord God, standing in the blood-stained shoes Legregre, than appear before that Tribunal in the golden slippers of the Boston Doctor. If we are not a downright fool, incapable of knowing joy from wrong, then he, who with no temptation do wrong, volunteers his justification of a gross system of iniquity, will sink deeper under a

work of God than a poor, ignorant, temperate, godless, wretched, like Legree.

We have received lately a letter from a distinguished clergyman in the East, who took an active part in the organization of the "Church Anti-Slavery Society." He informs us that many of the New England Ministers refuse to come upon the platform of this Society because its cardinal doctrine is that Slavery is *malum in se*. These gentlemen for twenty years past have opposed this doctrine, and to maintain it now would be to acknowledge that during all this time they were wrong. We have no very exalted opinion of the common set of New England Ministers. They are a very ordinary set of men, turned out at the Theological Seminary, as a machine shop "turns out" work, in the order of the Church. They are all made on the same pattern with the brand "Andover," "East Windsor," and "New Haven," to give them credit and currency in the community. It is amusing to read their half-splendid attempts to show that Slavery is not *malum in se*, but only a *malum sine*. From the wonderful obfuscation of their minds on a very plain subject, we are tempted to suspect that they have daughters, sons, nephews or nieces in the South, teaching School among the slaveholders, and that they are engaged in a struggle between their consciences and family interests. Now no Church or other association, will ever make headway against the system of Slavery unless they lay down as the foundation of all their efforts, the doctrine that slaveholding is *malum in se*.

What is the reason that the habit of using Tombs has become so universal? The American Tract Society has published Tracts against the "sinfulness" of this practice. And yet, at the last Anniversary Meeting of that Society, the venerable Dr. Spring, of New York, during the very exercises of the meeting, took out his tobacco-box and offered it to some gentleman, thus trampling him to commit a "sin" which he practiced, and against which the Tract Society has testified in thousands of pages of its publications! The Society has also published tracts against the "sinfulness of dancing." Yet the daughters of the Deacons dance. They have also in their great zeal for religion, published against the sinfulness of going asleep in meeting. Yet on any Sabbath-day in New York and elsewhere, the life members may be seen nodding asleep to the unlearned propositions of their preachers, and thus committing a "sin." Now the reason that Slavery bids defiance to Heaven and earth—the reason that it has demanded the revival of the Slave Trade—that the Church and its ministers have not treated it as *malum in se*—an inherent sin. They recognize as consistent Christians, and worthy of fellowship and communion, those who practice this "sin," just as they fellowship the man who commits the "sin" of using tobacco, dancing to music, and going to sleep in meeting. Thus the Church is hamstrung in its attempt to do away slavery, because it does not know where to give it a mortal wound. You may denounce and vilify, and rail, and abuse the slaveholder to your heart's content, as Dr. Bacon does in the *Independent*, but as long as you receive him to the communion table and there endorse his Christian character as Dr. Bacon does, proclaiming that his slaveholding is a peccadillo, or at most a venial sin, he will hold on to his slaves. You may use the greatest severity of language against a transgressor, but if you connive at his sin, and thus acknowledge his claim as a good Christian, his transgression is blotted out, a virtue, or at least into a mere weakness which is to be tolerated. The malice in *se* doctrine, is the spear of David with which the church could inflict a deadly wound upon the monster of slavery, if she would. And because she does not, she must be set down as the bulwark of the system. Why is it that the Free Presbyterian Church is so honored by the hate of the slaveholders, and the opposition of the Abolitionists? Because we are in constant war with the slave in the language of the fathers, that slavery is a sin. We believe that our Southern Brethren are guilty of a double crime, which, if they repent not of and forsake it, will sink them into perdition. We believe that if we love them, we will show it by rebuking their sin and not by countenancing them in it. Feeling responsible to the master, we overlook popularity, and ease, and interest, so as to meet our brethren in the Last Great Day with clear consciences. And to prove our sincerity, we refuse utterly and entirely to hold Christian Communion with them.

It is not necessary that we should build up a large denomination, or succeed in abolishing the system against which we war; but it is necessary that we wash our hands from the stain of our brother's blood!

We are happy to see, that while Dr. Bacon, of the New York *Independent*, objects to the doctrine of *malum in se*, in its application to slavery, Dr. Cheever, with a clearer and an honest heart, advocates it in the columns of that paper. Dr. Cheever, however, loses half his power by the false position he occupies as a Churchman. He is a Congregationalist. So are Dr. Adams, and Dr. Blagden, and many others of the same stamp. It is the vice of his system and not the vice of the man that is to blame for this involuntary fellowship with the defenders and promoters of Slavery. Real Congregationalism in the Church is as practical an impossibility as real Democracy in the State. If Dr. Cheever could leave the ecclesiastical fellowship of Dr. Southside Adams without leaving Congregationalism, he would do it. But he is ensnared by his organization, and forced into a position which he never defends, although he is provoked to do so by the calling fire of such sharpshooters as Parker Pillsbury and Stephen S. Foster. It is the great fault we find with the Congregational system of Church Government. It cannot be marshaled into battle array. You must be constantly taking the census to ascertain the state of opinion of the sect. Each Congregation has terms of communion for itself, some anti-slavery and some pro-slavery, and yet all are bound together in associations, forming what the Lawyers call "hotch-pots." If Dr. Cheever and his brethren would organize a Pre-biety in connection with the Free Presbyterian Church, there would be no need to ask a second time—"where does Dr. Cheever stand?"

Parker Pillsbury lectured in the Town House of this place, on Thursday evening last. His subject of course was slavery, and he treated it, as the Garrisonians always do—as the great evil of the Nation, from which it must be delivered or swift destruction will follow. He told some startling truths, and told them with an energy of manner and eloquence peculiarly his own, and with marked effect upon his audience.

The people are beginning to see that to prevent the spread of slavery it must be opposed; and they listen willingly to him who tells them so.—*Ashland Sentinel*.

[Substance of the remarks of Parker Pillsbury in the Report of the Business Committee, presented to the Anti-Slavery Conventions at Alliance on Sunday, Sept. 4, 1859.]

Mr. Chairman: The resolutions which have been presented by the Business Committee have been accepted unanimously. This society never met on so important an occasion—not on account of the cause itself, for this remains the same; but because of the power against which we are making war. The telegraph has just brought the news from New York that three boys have been taken from that city and carried back into slavery—an other home made desolate, another mother's heart broken. Another item of similar import: the ship, *Neptune's Bride*, bound from one of the seaports of the South to New York or Boston finds among her cargo the dead body of a negro, who, it would seem, longing for the sweets of liberty, had secured himself in the hold of the vessel when in the southern port, firmly hoping to escape from the land of chains, but dies, on the passage of the vessel, either from suffocation or starvation. I wonder how it is possible for me to announce a fact like this in each oval blood. I wonder how the members of this convention can listen to such an announcement without the chills of death rushing over them. There is not another country under the whole heaven where an event like that can occur. Talk of the barbarism of the savage nations—the doxopisms of the half civilized people of other countries, but there is not a place that ends forth to the world such deeds of death and despair, as does the press of this country. What floods of sympathy have been poured out over Kansas and other liberty loving sons of the old world, who have made efforts to escape from the power of the tyrant! And yet, what is all they have ever done compared with the heroism and tragedy of the result of this slave carrying, and perishing in its attempt? Take the words of Patrick Henry—"Give me liberty or give me death," and here you have an instance where they mean something—where the words are of some import. He got both liberty and death, but only got liberty in death. In addition to these cases there comes another report of a recent slave capture in the city of Cincinnati, a free citizen of Ohio carried off into interminable bondage. Where is your safety as citizens of this State? If I were a colored man I never should feel safe for a single moment. I would not live in the Southern portions of this state, being of any complexion, no more than I would live in the jaws of Milton's hell! I wish the kidnapping had to be divided between the whites and the colored in proportion to the number of the population of each. The North would then feel that they have some interest in this question and act accordingly. There seems to have been a three-fold object in view in passing the fugitive slave bill. Not only to capture the fugitive, but to kidnap the free man of color and also to humiliate the North. As they punish their slaves sometimes, so this slave bill was designed as a whipping to the North—to teach it not to get where its place; and to make kidnapping easy. Free papers are no protection now. Many slaves have been bought with money and free papers given them; but under the workings of the fugitive slave bill, free papers are worth no more with written characters upon them than are blank papers. This law makes kidnapping easy and cancels all free papers and opens up our very hearthstones to be free hunting grounds on which to capture and to kidnap men.

Had the drafting of this bill been given to me, I would have made its title "Kidnaping made easy." That is the object of it and as such it should be published to the world. But under this bill they do not stop at capturing the fugitive—they go into your families and take your children—into your social circles and take your men and women—they have no need of going to Africa for slaves. What difference does it make to the slaveholder whether he gets his slaves from the banks of the Congo or the Ohio? And now they come into your own territory—into Oberlin, and you make a resistance, and what is the end of it? Why, the result of that matter shows that Ohio is a great kidnapping company. The Republican party has been in the ascendancy here, and what has come of it? Must we prove that this party is the most dangerous party that is in power, as the Democratic party is to power, all are on the watch, all are looking for some diabolical deed, for we know they serve the devil under his own flag! But when the Republican party is in power, they sail under the "Stars and Stripes"—but there is a kidnapping paper in the colors. I come not here to speak smooth words—I come to utter facts and we be it you if you allow liberty or fallacy to mingle with my facts. Senator Hammond of South Carolina said that you freemen of the north are the "malleus of society." This is in fact the sentiment of the whole south—it is their stick in trade—the currency of the slave State power. It matters not to them if their victims come from the forests of northern freemen, or from the banks of the Senegal, or the coast of Guinea.

We have met here under more solemn considerations than our fathers met under in the city of Philadelphia, when they uttered their Declaration of Independence, and we shall prove ourselves unworthy our descent if we do not utter a Declaration that shall put to one silence. We ought to see liberty extended to all, and hear uttered again those memorable words, "It is finished," and renew our faith under a freer and holier dispensation than the world has ever known before. I fancy that many professed anti-slavery people here to-day have come up to this meeting as they would come to a thanksgiving or to a Christmas gathering, to have a good time and a transfer of kind words and social greeting. We are not yet sufficiently in earnest in our efforts to abolish slavery. I tell you before slavery is abolished, we shall probably renew the age of the martyrs. We talk about being Abolitionists—we sing the song—"I am an abolitionist, I glory in the name," as the ministers preach from the text—"I determined to know nothing among you but Christ and him crucified." When those words were uttered, there was a meaning to them as fearful as death, and as solemn and momentous as the retribution of coming existence. What was the condition of things when those words were first given to the world? There stood in the midst of the Roman world and the hypocrisy of the Jewish Church, a little band of men and women who were spoken against, who were despised, reviled, and punished, and yet to every word which the wrath of man or the malice of devils could invent, Christ was then a crucified malefactor in the estimation of that ignorant generation—in their opinion he died, because he deserved to die—a death the most shameful and ignominious of all others. There never appeared before the world up to this time, a man whose very name was so reproducible as was that of Jesus. This age and generation has offered no name as a parallel. Talk of the French Revolution and of the ideals

of France; you can name no one who was as despised as the name of Jesus at that time. To such an extent were the persecutions carried against the Christians of that day, that the gardens of the tyrant Nero were literally lighted up with the burning bodies of their victims. Spaces were wanted for crosses, so numerous were they who were put to death in that manner. Well might the apostle exclaim, "we are made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men." "We are become the fifth and offering of all things to those of this day." So zealous were they in their persecutions, that it was decreed that all who named the name of Christ should suffer death—because Christ had come with a new idea and a new faith. And then in the midst of all that wrath and rage with the crosses on every hand which were suspended the bleeding victims, with the gardens all lighted up and the midnight darkness dispelled by the halting, brooding bodies of the followers of Jesus, their shrieks and agonies on every hand—in the midst of such a scenery as this did the brave old apostle write "I determined to know nothing among you but Christ and him crucified." Now our priests go into their pulpits and blaspheme that holy text by taking it upon their unholy lips. They blaspheme the holy position of the truly Christian ministry.

During the French Revolution, a large number of children were lost from their homes, and their fate was never known. But it was reported that one of the Nobles of Paris had dried up all the proper avenues to life by his long continued and careless debaucheries, and that at last his physicians had recommended warm baths in children's blood! Then, when children were lost from their mothers and their homes, it was probably known what had become of them, and their fate ended. But such a fate, though horrible beyond description, is far better than to be born to drink the bitter cup of American Slavery, and to be sacrificed upon its bloody and unholy altar. But there are mothers among us who have not this choice and we have come up here to-day to see what we can do about it.

Is this, then, a proper time for festivity and social entertainment. If we felt for those in bonds as bound with them, how different would our feelings be to-day. We should then consider that it is my child and your child kidnapped in the city of New York, that it was my brother who perished by starvation on board the *Neptune* on his way from Carolina. On my way to this meeting, I passed over the place where the late accident occurred upon the rail road, by which twenty individuals lost their lives outright and a large number of others were seriously injured. 'Twas an awful place—a horrid spectacle. But what is this compared to the destruction of human life by the system of American slavery. When Captain Graham brought off Cuba from the government of the house of Hapsburg, our government honored him and men shooed his praises, and the press heralded his fame from one end of the land to the other. But what is the feeling towards the captain of the *Neptune*? No one honors him, no one asks anything about it; all are in hopes he knew nothing about the slave secreting himself on board his vessel. The reason is, we do not feel for those in bonds as bound with them. We are not earnest in our efforts to liberate the slave. Our Anti-Slavery is a fine flowing drapery with rich and glowing colors to become fashionable. It was remarked by a speaker at our meeting last evening that we must make our movement more popular. Such men do not understand our movement. But I will close by saying, we have a whole temple of idols to demolish before slavery will be abolished. No other band of idolaters has more to sacrifice than the Abolitionists. You may not live to see the day, but you may remember that on this day some said, that the martyr age would be literally returned upon us as the shackles were stricken from the slave and, he stands up a free man.

Communications.

MEETING IN IOWA.

A general convention called by the Marshall County Anti-Slavery Society, convened in Marietta, Marshall County, Iowa, September, 24th, 1859. On motion, Geo. W. Hambleton was called to the Chair, and Elizabeth Marcor appointed Secretary.

T. D. Tomlinson, Eliza Holmes, J. W. Hambleton, John R. Mercer, Elizabeth Armstrong, and Geo. Punge were appointed a committee to prepare business for the convention.

On motion, adjourned to 10 o'clock P. M.

Convention assembled according to adjournment. Lot Holmes read a letter from Rev. N. Sumner, of the Christian Church at Somerset to the Convention now in session, in reply to a letter of invitation to attend said convention.

T. D. Tomlinson, Chairman of Business Committee, reported the following:—

Whereas, the subject of Slavery has become the absorbing subject of the American people, not being confined to any particular locality, to any political, ecclesiastical, moral, or social organizations of men, but the theme alike of all, therefore, this convention not being that of a party seeking rewards in the shape of political preferment, public honors or distinctions, but emphatically a meeting of the people, the interests of whom we seek alone to subserve, we feel called upon to adopt the following resolutions:—

(1) Resolved, That it is the imperative duty of every man, religious or political, to labor for the overthrow of slavery.

(2) Resolved, That slaveholding, or the advocacy of slaveholding, are sine for which those who are guilty should be excluded from Church fellowship.

Resolved, That difference of opinion in regard to other subjects than that of slavery, should not prevent our laboring for the overthrow of that system.

The above Resolutions were taken up separately, discussed by the Rev. Geo. Punge and others, and adopted.

Adjourned till 7 o'clock P. M.

EXTENDING REMINDERS.

Convention met pursuant to adjournment. T. D. Tomlinson offered the following:—

Whereas, The two leading political parties vie with each other in their servility to the slave power, therefore,

Resolved, That no consistent Anti-Slavery man can give either of them his support.

The resolution was discussed by T. D. Tomlinson, J. W. Morgan and others on the affirmative; and H. H. Johnson, J. W. Hambleton on the negative. On motion adjourned.

SEVENTH MONTH, SEPT. 25.

In being the time of the regular meeting of the

Rev. Turner, he kindly gave way to the "movement," and the discussion was continued on the resolution offered at the session of last evening.

Adjourned.

ATTEST: J. W. HAMBLETON, President.

Lot Holmes offered a resolution in favor of the claims of the Anti-Slavery Bugle to the patronage of the anti-slavery people, which was adopted, and a committee appointed to procure subscribers thereon, consisting of James Cripps, J. W. Morgan, G. W. Hambleton, Lot Holmes and Richard Shearer.

John G. Armstrong offered a resolution in relation to the Church organizations and political parties, which was discussed by Messrs. Cripps, Threlk, Johnson, Hambleton and others.

Adjourned till 7 o'clock P. M.

Discussion was continued by H. H. Johnson in defense of the church, and J. W. Hambleton, Lot Holmes and others in favor of the resolution, which was afterwards adopted.

On motion of J. W. Hambleton, it was Resolved, That a copy of the proceedings of this convention, together with the letter of N. Sumner be forwarded to the county papers, the Jasper Co. Free Press, and the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

On motion adjourned, sine die.

G. W. HAMBLETON, President.
T. D. TOMLINSON, Secretary pro tem.

LETTER OF N. SUMNERBELL.

DEAR FRIENDS: It is with sincere regret that I must say that previous engagements preclude the possibility of my attendance in person at your convention. I sincerely thank you for your invitation, and hope that at some future meeting I may be with you. Present my best wishes to the members of the convention, and assure them that while absent, my prayers shall be for their prosperity in council and every good work.

It is true that the current of popular feeling is now setting against liberty. There is now not so much anti-slavery feeling in the North, as there was in the South in the days of Washington and Jefferson, while the South is on a parallel with the Barbary States of Africa.

I am not certain but that the cause of the colored race in America is an index to the fate of the whole Anglo-Saxon race. By defending slavery and arguing against liberty, the principles grow while the race is lost sight of, and we thus, by our ill will to the colored man, forge chains for our own limbs, and our government in the way for our oppressors, and build triumphal arches for tyrants.

Yours truly,
N. SUMNERBELL.

[The following article has been on hand several weeks, but we could not find room for it until now.]

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

LITERATURE AND ANTIQUITIES OF WISCONSIN.

There is no other State in the Union that, at the same age, could boast of so large and talented editorial corps as Wisconsin. Its largest weeklies are able conducted, and filled with material equaling in interest and importance many of our eastern publications. There are, at the present time, one hundred and forty-three weeklies issued regularly, 3 monthly, 6 dailies—61 of the Republican, 50 Democratic, 15 independent, 1 Temperance, 1 religious, 1 literary, 1 agricultural, 1 educational; 16 of which are German publications, and 1 Norwegian.

The Milwaukee Sentinel and Madison Patriot occupy the most prominent positions of any papers in the State. The Sentinel, edited by Gen. Rufus King, has an immense circulation, an enviable reputation, and as far as a sheet in both matter and appearance as any eastern weekly ever published. The Madison Patriot is only sister to the Sentinel in stature and worth, though of opposite politics. Many changes have been made in this sheet of late it is now beautifully illustrated with a fine heading—a view of Madison; it is also changed from the quarto to the folio form; its editors, Carpenter & Hyer, able and efficient. The Patriot is a noble organ of the Western Press, one we are all proud of. The Wisconsin Farmer, the only agricultural monthly or paper in the State is a gem of Western literature. It has a wide and rapidly increasing circulation, not only in Wisconsin, but in Iowa and Minnesota. It is edited by Powers and Hoyt of Madison.

For the last few years, the call for State publications has been without limit, for the reason of the rapidly increasing march of emigration and growth of the country; the demand is still progressive. Those who in early time, in the days of early pioneers, commenced the arduous work of publishing a weekly in some thinly peopled district, endured the hardships attendant and have struggled on the until the present, know what it is to "work and endure." We hear of many editors who, in this age of "golden apples," as it were, are disheartened, discouraged and disgusted, with the circulation and success of their newly printed and well-conducted sheet; and yet had Wisconsin's pioneer editors received half the amount of means, half the support, after three years of toil and labor, that those same grumbling sheets receive in one month, it would have been empty repaid them, and would have been a good-end of good fortune.

Few know what western pioneering is, unless it be those who have been pioneers, and none but such, know what an editor's life was who had the prerogative to commence and continue. Let a person who journeyed over the State of Wisconsin from the Michigan shore to the Mississippi in 1840, now traverse the same route, and he will behold such indices of rapid progress as no other State, eastward or South, can ever exhibit. Our time-honored Fathers who have long since laid down to their last slumber upon the shores of the Hudson, St. Lawrence and Connecticut, would have looked upon a person who dared to prophesy of such rapid changes in the "North-Western Territory," as a victim of insanity. If one had returned, of such changes from a perfect wilderness to cities of wealth and importance, channels of commercial trade opened and in operation, within the limit of two and three years, those venerable fathers would have considered it an evidence of peculiar fancy or as coming from a "Salom victim" of the then prevailing witchcraft.

Wisconsin literature is an evergreen, emblem of its swift progression in all departments of the State, commercially, educationally, art and agricultural. I can think back only a few years, and bring to mind the few principal weeklies printed in the State of Wisconsin how marvellous was my father's life papers, which after being read and re-read, read to himself, and aloud, sent to neighbors three and four miles away, were at least new folded, and sent away back sent, to old New Hampshire and Massachusetts. I can remember

how year by year the sheets grew larger, and wider, and well do I remember, (and I project many a pioneer child has done the same), how I marked the different headings of the Green Bay Advocate and Food De Las Journal, and how delighted were all the family in fact when these same papers and the Milwaukee Sentinel increased the size of their heading letters, and lengthened down the columns. Ah! yes! we children of the early Wisconsin settlers, remember all this, noticed accurately all those rising improvements, and now, as we walk in womanhood and manhood through the crowded street that once was our playground, and strawberry meadow, we feel a thrill of pride and enthusiasm circling through our beings, while we remark and view the change in the literature we see progression marks its fairest impress. "Success to the Press of Wisconsin" is a song the children of early pioneers will load and long.

Now we will review our State's antiquities. The past has left many records and we find much that tells of a civilized race, the lineage of which will forever remain in obscurity. The works at Arctian, along the Wisconsin rivers, at Neenah, Pishaka rivers, and in others portions, bear evidence of the fact. Those at Arctian are most important. The substance called brick at this place is evidently burned clay mixed with straw. There is a claim of ancient earth works here, not to be found in any other State, representations of quadrupeds, birds, reptiles and human forms. Near the Blue Mounds, in Dane County there is one representing a man 120 feet long, a body 30 feet in breadth, the head 25 feet—its elevation above the level of the prairie, is 6 feet. Upon the trees near the west branch of the Wisconsin, are to be seen the faces of several Indians deeply cut, and illustrating countenances of tremendous size, and masculine vigor. Fragments of pottery are found in different sections. A mound, representing a mastodon, is in existence near Cassville, Grant County, and one of a turtle near Prairieville, having a body 56 feet in length.

Certain it is these rude emblems, are remnants of a race who were acquainted with Asiatic animals and utensils—but the probability is that they were emigrants from those, and have left us these antiquities, as proofs of their existence here.

Yours truly,
SOPHIA E. WALKER.
APPLETON, Sept. 14, 1859.

Now year by year the sheets grew larger, and wider, and well do I remember, (and I project many a pioneer child has done the same), how I marked the different headings of the Green Bay Advocate and Food De Las Journal, and how delighted were all the family in fact when these same papers and the Milwaukee Sentinel increased the size of their heading letters, and lengthened down the columns. Ah! yes! we children of the early Wisconsin settlers, remember all this, noticed accurately all those rising improvements, and now, as we walk in womanhood and manhood through the crowded street that once was our playground, and strawberry meadow, we feel a thrill of pride and enthusiasm circling through our beings, while we remark and view the change in the literature we see progression marks its fairest impress. "Success to the Press of Wisconsin" is a song the children of early pioneers will load and long.

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Yours truly,
SOPHIA E. WALKER.
APPLETON, Sept. 14, 1859.

LETTER FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

SCHUYLKILL, CHESTER CO., PA., Sept. 25, 1859.

DEAR FRIEND: I have just finished the perusal of the resolutions adopted at your last annual meeting, and the ancient spirit of our old Quaker State moves me to write you a line of congratulation on the logical clearness, the mental rigor and the moral pluck which they display. They are better than I expected, though I looked for better things from you than I should have anticipated from some other quarters.

One feels something like a debt of personal gratitude to those who resolutely maintain our ancient testimonies in their purity, in those times when faltering and compromise have found their way even into the ranks of the Garrisonians. No one fact has ever impressed me so deeply with the power of slavery as certain revelations of this kind, which we have witnessed within a year of the present time. It was, to be sure, nothing more than we ought to have expected, as abolitionists are influenced by the same general motives of other people,—desire for popularity, love of praise, that repugnance which every well balanced person (in common with a greater number who are not well balanced) feels to making himself disagreeable, etc., etc., all of which a phrenologist would reduce under the one head of approbation, I suppose; nevertheless it is certainly not one of those "encouraging facts" which some of our ranks are magnifying greatly at the present time. The descent into Averno is so much easier and more pleasant than climbing up the anti-slavery mountain, that it is no marvel many betake themselves to the former. And then by pursuing that course you gain the reputation of being amiable, whereas, if you insist upon abstract truth in its entirety, and, still worse, if you make the application thereof, you are absolutely certain of being called "ill-natured," etc.,—you know the whole vocabulary quite as well as myself, from long years of faithful labor. I hope you will never baffle one of your recent uncompromising testimonies.

I was especially glad that you singled out particularly the Republican party. It has seemed to me for some time, that there was more danger to be apprehended from this quarter than from the Church, only, however, because more of our friends appear to be blinded to that danger. Your testimonies cannot be valued too highly now that the nation is about to plunge again into one of those quadrennial careers of shame and debauchery which send a shudder of horror and disgust throughout the civilized world.

It is more, perhaps, because the prospects for any thing like frank and manly an expression of unadulterated truth as you have just given, is an event hardly to be looked for at our approaching anniversary, that I have felt moved to express myself in this rather over-anthropic manner. But let not the readers of *The Standard* in Ohio, suppose for a moment, that the Philadelphia correspondent of that journal expresses the feelings of the entire body of the Garrisonians in this State, in the very remarkable series of letters which he has been writing during the past year, (I say remarkable in view of the fact that they are the productions of an agent in the employ of a Garrisonian organization,) and in which he has undertaken the task of giving an anti-slavery character to clergymen who would not read a notice of a Garrisonian meeting from their pulpits; to apologize for laymen who had seen fit to withdraw from the movement, and other similar labors of a derogatory character, thus, as it seems to me, lowering as far as possible the standard of abolitionism. In fact, for one, protest, most distinctly against the whole thing, and I know that I am by no means alone in this feeling. I believe if our friends would only express themselves unreservedly on this point, that it would be found that the majority of them entertain sentiments similar to those I have expressed. Very truly yours,

HOWARD W. GILBERT.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

TO THE EDITOR: An item of business will justify a word written in relation to my late movements, mostly in the country of Ashland. The meeting at Jefferson was one of the largest and best I ever addressed in that town. The Supreme Court was in session, and though, through press of business, they were holding evening sessions, they adjourned on the evening of my lecture, and mostly attended. Four of the five Judges were present, and gave a most respectful attention. A collection of nearly eleven dollars, and one subscriber to the Bugle, were the result in that direction, while the

serious and even solemn interest manifested till a late hour, gave promise that more than a momentary impression was produced.

I gave a Sunday to Wayne, and held three full meetings in the Academy. It was pleasant to see our friends from more than a dozen, if not twenty miles distance over in Pennsylvania, as well as from several towns less remote.

At Andover Centre also, the attendance was good, the attention excellent. On the last evening, the house was crowded, and the meeting held till past eleven o'clock. The Congregational and Universalist Ministers were present, the former taking a pretty lively, but not very creditable part in the discussion. Intellectually, he is very far from comprehending the genius of the Anti-Slavery movement, while some of his utterances indicated a more unfortunate condition of heart than head. His influence however is very limited, there, his congregation being small, and not increasing in numbers, any more than in Anti-Slavery grace. About the same account can be truly given of many other churches in this region. The recent revivals appear to have added little numerical strength, and even less moral power. Nor, in this region, have they at all arrested the progress of Humanity, as, (for a time,) was true in some sections of the country. Converts now, are mostly limited, to the less important portions of the manumission.

Yesterday I held meetings during the day, at the Town Hall in Cherry Valley.

The people in this part of the Reserve are growing more and more tired of politics. The rejection of Judge Spaulding as successor in Judge Swan, for no earthly reason but his disapproval of the Fugitive Slave Law, and not spoken determination not to execute it, has disgusted many in the party who held only with him; and that disgust will soon be manifested, in most unmistakable manner. It was a most infamous proceeding, and will be long recalled on the heads of those who so acted it. Not so to slaveholders, not, on the other side.

So far, my campaign has been both prosperous and pleasant. Wherever I go, my friends seem determined to lighten my labors as much as possible, and yet render them in a high degree effective. In Jefferson, Dorset, Andover, Wayne and Cherry Valley, my homes have been like the "Delicate Mountains" in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

In Cherry Valley, I passed a night or two with Mr. John Brown, Jr., son of the Old Hero of Pawnee. He and his brave little wife gave me some thrilling accounts of their experiences during the "Raid on Tannock" in Kansas. They are strong in the belief that as only force and fire arms kept slavery out of Kansas, so nothing else will overthrow it in the Southern States—a belief which I find is daily gaining adherents, among Republicans, and even Democrats, as well as others.

But my letter is becoming too long.

PARKER PILLSBURY.
WAYNE, Ashland, Oct. 3, 1859.

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